

The Argus.

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HOLBROOK, - ARIZONA

Many a man dies rich who has lived poor.

In England any boy may start out in life with the hope of some day being made poet laureate.

The woman suffragists contend that the hand that rocks the cradle would never strafe the ballot box.

The story that a Minnesota woman pawned her winter's coal to buy diamonds is probably not true.

A Pennsylvania man is carrying a silver quarter in his mouth on a wager. With him it is a case of money talks.

Unlimited telephone service in Paris costs only \$60 a year—but one has to be able to speak French to get full advantage from it.

An Oregon girl set a trap for a bear a few nights ago and caught a man in it. Now look out for a steady advance in the price of bear traps.

Chicago may not care for grand opera, but as it has a municipal pawn shop in successful operation it can't be denied it's making advances other ways.

A certain magazine publishes two love poems alleged to have been written by George Washington. A great man isn't safe after he is dead, unless he has destroyed all his papers.

It is reported that cradles are again coming into fashion. In the upper circles they will probably be used in place of the old spinning wheels that have heretofore been kept on exhibition.

A man advertised for a wife because he wanted somebody to talk to. He has found more than a thousand women who are willing to take the contract, but has not yet made up his mind, presumably because of the fear that the one selected would insist upon talking to him.

Whenever there is profit to be made out of public work the temptation to lie, bribe and steal is often too strong for the average man to resist, and it has come to pass that many men plead necessity as excuse or justification. They must do wrong or go out of business, which, of course, is no excuse at all. In this respect business is corrupt.

No one can doubt that the recent exposures of the fleecing methods of the 10 per cent. a week syndicates will have an effect upon persons who are disposed to become separated from their money on slight provocation. It is altogether likely that in the future a promise of 20 per cent. a week will be demanded before parting with the coin.

It is sufficiently plain that tipping is a nuisance which causes much discomfort, but he who undertakes to rid the world of it will assume a Sisyphean task. To stop tipping we must reform human nature. The only sensible remedy for an acknowledged evil would be for every person to regulate his own tipping according to his own purse and sense of justice.

In the light of the newly announced sand cure it seems probable that if the Digger Indians of the far West could be persuaded to abandon their clay diet and eat sand instead they would find it much more wholesome. Clay is merely filling. It cannot assist in the process of digestion and assimilation. Sand, on the contrary, would be of the greatest service in assisting these misguided Indians in digesting the owls, rattlesnakes, and dry roots with which they are compelled sometimes to vary their bills of fare, and life in their humble caves would become worth living. It is even possible that a judicious mixture of sand would make the clay itself digestible, but of this there is no certainty, and it is best not to claim too much.

Stephen E. Burch, a well-to-do farmer near Topaz, Mo., is evidently a man of a practical turn of mind. Recently he turned up in the guise of a tramp seeking for work at the farm of Peter Greenawalt, near Huron, S. D. After working a few weeks he and the farmer's pretty daughter, Mary, disappeared, and nothing was heard from them until Mr. Greenawalt received a letter from his daughter at Topaz saying that she was Mrs. Burch, the two having been married at Kansas City. Later it was learned that Burch had been looking up a wife for some time disguised as a tramp. He said he wished to see girls just as they really were and not on their parlor behavior. He studied Miss Greenawalt closely, found that she was a smart girl and fine housekeeper, and made her a plain business proposition, which she promptly accepted. There is much that is commendable in this businesslike way

of getting a wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Burch probably will get along as well and be just as happy as if their marriage were one of those "matches made in heaven."

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, recently made a most sensible and practical suggestion to the farmers of the West. The 1899 corn crop, as is well known, is one of the largest ever harvested in America; but the inexorable law of supply and demand has forced the price down, as is always the case in a year of phenomenally abundant crops. Secretary Coburn reminds the farmers that there has never been a season of unusual production and low prices for corn which has not been followed in the near future by a year of comparative scarcity and correspondingly higher prices; and there is no reason to believe that the present one will prove an exception to this hitherto unbroken rule. His advice to the farmers is, therefore, that they should market no more of their corn than is necessary to meet their expenses. He truthfully says that they would rightly have considered themselves favored and prosperous with a yield 100,000,000 bushels less than that which they now have. If they were to hold this extra 100,000,000 bushels in substantial, rat-proof cribs on the farms for a year or two, as they could very comfortably do, it would not only relieve the downward tendency in prices caused by the present glut in the market, but would help to steady and confirm the price of the remainder. Moreover, when the lean years come, and prices advance, the farmers, and not the speculators, will be masters of the situation, and will reap the profits. The suggestion is eminently sensible. To adopt it is merely to use that prudence and business sagacity by which men in other occupations achieve commercial success. It needs no argument to show that the man who will make money when corn advances will be the man who has the corn. Why should not that man be the farmer who raised it?

A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago, gave the students of a Western university some excellent advice in an address "Trade vs. Profession." His object was to check the too common tendency in our colleges to exalt the professional above the business career and so to inculcate a lesson that must be learned later through the hard blows of experience if it is ignored while an academical education is being acquired. The literary atmosphere of the university generally encourages a contempt for trade. So far as the feeling is directed against mere money-getting for the money's sake it is wholesome, but the time passed long ago when the college course could be regarded only as a preparation for the law, medicine, theology and teaching. The ambition to secure what is called the higher education is now so widespread that if every aspirant were to look to the professions for support the supply of these young apprentices would exceed the demand to a perilous extent. Starving lawyers, doctors and teachers would increase with really alarming rapidity. While there has been a recognition of the fact, the old influences are still at work, and the country could furnish many a piteous story as a consequence. The college graduate with his academical traditions is too often a man of disappointed hopes, who has been compelled to reconstruct his views of life and fit himself anew for the task of breadwinning. Nor is it strange that in the endeavor he sometimes surrenders to a hurtful cynicism and during the reaction becomes the victim of a distorted judgment which causes him to undertake what he had formerly overrated. But it is gratifying to note at the same time a greater influx of educated men in the business world, and as their numbers increase there will be a still more radical revolt against the old college idea, for nothing is so impressive as example. When students appreciate not only that a business career offers more chances for making a good living than any other, but also that its prizes are eagerly sought by many of the most prominent members of the college brotherhood, every trace of ancient prejudice will disappear. The truth is that business is now a splendid field for the exercise of the highest powers of judgment, organization and administration. It attracts the talent and ability that went formerly into politics and the army and is occasionally the inspiration for real genius. Supercilious contempt for it is not only ridiculous but must recoil on those who profess the sentiment. They are sure to hear of comparisons that are odious.

The Thrifty Yankee.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a man who catches seals, cuts off the noses and gets the \$1 bounty offered by the State of Maine, after which he collects the tails and hides himself to Massachusetts, where he collects the bounty offered for the tail of every seal caught in Massachusetts waters. Then he returns to the pine tree State to work the skin into gloves, hats, pocket-books, etc.

Wireless Telegraphy for Lighthouses.

The French navy is said to be installing a new system of wireless telegraphy between the lighthouses along the French coast.

SULTAN'S DAILY LIFE.

Spends Six Days Out of Seven Considering Affairs of State.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at 6 o'clock every morning and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight figure.



ABDUL HAMID.

A pale brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan and careworn face, half-covered by a thin brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The Sultan has been the means of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

SCHOOL BOY GOOD BAROMETER.

Teacher Says by His Actions She Can Foretell Rainy Weather.

It looked like rain, and naturally he had on a pair of light shoes and carried no umbrella. The car stopped on the far side of Girard avenue, and a young lady got in, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. She bowed, and sat down beside The Saunterer, who recognized in her a school teacher friend.

"What do you think of this beastly weather?" queried he, disgruntledly. "Is it going to rain, or isn't it?" "I can't tell you to-day," answered the young lady, smiling an acceptance of whatever might come. "If it were a school day and you were willing to come to school with me, I could tell you in a very few minutes with absolute certainty. It'll sound funny to you, but it's true. I have noticed that you can always tell what the weather is going to be by the children. They're regular barometers. If there's going to be a storm they get restless, and I have the hardest kind of work to control them. Particularly the boys. The girls aren't so bad, but there seems to be some mysterious quality about approaching rain that always affects the former. I've got so now I don't blame them, because I don't believe they can help it. So you see," she concluded, as she got out at Chestnut street, "children have their uses, after all."

Castes in India.

A lady who has for many years been a missionary in India makes some very surprising statements about the castes. Castes, as most of the boys and girls know, are class distinctions which make barriers—as hard to pass as high walls—between one group of people and another. The people of a higher caste do not touch food that has been prepared by people of a lower caste. So you see some of the highest, the most aristocratic people have to be cooks. In the hospitals there have to be cooks belonging to the highest or Brahmin caste. At one time the lowest of the Hindus would decline food from the foreigners, even though they were starving. Now, however, the caste lines are less rigidly drawn, so that if you decline to put the food or alms down the beggar will relent and take it from you. It can be understood how two or three or a half dozen castes might be preserved, but this missionary lady said that there are forty castes among the barbers alone! And for a barber to marry a carpenter's daughter would be quite impossible! It can easily be seen how difficult it is for even truly Christian Hindus to come to the point of taking the sacrament of Holy Communion with all the church members.

Novel Scheme for Libraries.

Patrons of every public library realize the difficulty of obtaining the popular books of the day. It is impossible to meet the demand, even with a large increase in the number of copies purchased. A device, originating in the St. Louis library and being copied in some other city libraries, is to put such books on a special list and to charge a fee of 5 cents a week for them.

Old Egyptian Porcelain.

The question whether the ancient Egyptians made porcelain seems to have been settled at last. Specimens heretofore found were pronounced of Chinese origin by experts, but a fragment of a statuette recently found near Memphis is declared to be real Egyptian by Chatterer.

We have noticed that after a guest goes home, the people at the house where she visited, do not complain of being lonesome.

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